

ination at the psychological moment. The dead-end is fairly certain to happen, since there is absolutely no chance for any one candidate to command anything resembling two-thirds of the delegates.

Not one of the leading candidates even claims a majority and claims run far ahead of the others in this situation. Palmer, for example, claims 550 votes. The truth seems to be that he can lay his hands upon 250. This evening Edward H. Moore, manager for Cox, claims 150. The likelihood is that Cox can have about 100 on the first ballot if he wants to use so many at that early stage. But all hands are up against the stone wall of the two-thirds custom. Clark smashed against that wall at Baltimore and heads will be broken against it here.

After a cautiously canvassing the newly arrived delegations to-day the field lieutenants of the McAdoo general maintain there is McAdoo strength in virtually every State outside of New York, New Jersey, Ohio and one or two others. They report that Kentucky is neither so wet nor so Cox controlled as it has been described, in that several delegations in Kentucky are hoping to vote for McAdoo. The Kansas delegates assured McAdoo's friends, through former Gov. Hodges, that McAdoo can have Kansas any time he wants it. Southern States claimed by Palmer and McAdoo support. The net result of the morning's fishing enabled the McAdoo inviolates to put out their claim of more than 500 votes.

Bankers Back of McAdoo Boom.

Something may happen to it to-morrow or next week, but as things stand now the McAdoo boom is the big noise of the convention. Tremendously powerful forces are being marshalled for it, some of them showing in the open, others in the private and only to be guessed at. It has resulted in an alliance of bankers friendly to the League of Nations idea with sincere idealists who believe that McAdoo and the League would together heal the wounds of the world.

One of the present sources of strength of the McAdoo movement is that the candidate (it is absurd to refer to him in any other way) has shown himself capable of attracting and harmonizing seemingly irreconcilable forces. He has won the support of railroad workers and yet he has great strength in Wall street. The international banking group, rebuffed and beaten at Chicago by the downright stand of the Republican party for Americanism, is among the forces back of the movement to put McAdoo in. It is broadly intimated that the nomination of McAdoo would be grateful not only to labor, but would be hailed by business men with as much pleasure as the nomination of Harding was hailed.

With this combination of forces, plus a large part of the solid South behind him, McAdoo promises to make a strong showing as a compromise candidate, although it must be kept in mind that there is nothing yet to show he can win the all important two-thirds, the stumbling block of so many fond ambitions. Opposed to him now are various elements of the party and of personal liking that are represented by the other principal candidates, and the large group which is bitterly opposed to anything Wilson or the Wilson Administration.

The Murphy organization in New York is one of the groups. As organization Democrats they feel they have been ill treated by the Administration, and their antipathy is more especially directed against Mr. McAdoo. Their latest grievance lies in the selection of a Federal judge in New York State recently. Their opposition to anything Wilsonian extends to Palmer, but is not so pronounced. This group now favors Cox, but would swing to Vice-President Marshall or Champ Clark.

Marshall Strong Dark Horse.

Ambassador Davis, Homer S. Cummings and Bainbridge Colby continue to be the outside dark horses, for one must consider the Vice-President as an actual candidate in spite of the drift of his indolent words. Taggart of Indiana will obtain Marshall's nomination if it can be done, because Taggart wants to win Marshall's prestige in Indiana to win a Senate seat from Watson. Davis' record on woman suffrage is being talked about here as an insuperable objection, and this gathering of hard boiled Democrats doesn't seem to like the idea of voting for a man who voted the Democratic ticket just once. This applies strongly to Colby.

Reverting to the chances of Cox and Palmer, the superficial leaders in the race, it must be said that neither is advancing. Each is about where he was before the delegates arrived here. In the opinion of experienced politicians that is bad sign. One or the other should have put strongly when the real people, the go-slowers, came to town. Labor's hostility to Palmer is a ball and chain round the legs of his candidacy, and

when one finds such men as Chairman Cummings lamenting that it's poor Palmer's misfortune that he had the dirty work there isn't much reason to believe Palmer is going ahead rapidly.

As for Cox, he is up against the powerful dry element led by Bryan and by the business community. The fact of his divorce being used against him astoundingly. Last night at a conference of Cox leaders, attended by Murphy, Ed Moore and others, prominent Roman Catholic in cluding Bourke Cockran, were called in to give their opinion as to what effect Cox's nomination would have on the Roman Catholic vote. Cockran replied that he doubted it would have a hurtful effect. But these stories grow as they spread and they are not doing Cox's candidacy any good.

More and more the situation here, irrespective of candidates, settled down to a grim struggle between Woodrow Wilson and William J. Bryan. The Administration men are not troubling to mask their hatred for Bryan. They are professing content for him and declare they will end for all time his meddling and his intrusions. They pretend Bryan will be a simple nut to crack. This is doubtful. Already signs appear that power are manifest in the disintegration of the wet and the trend toward a dry plank or at least a plank that would give no satisfaction whatever to the wet. Already it is manifest that Bryan is still a power in the party and in the country. He is here to renew his leadership and to wrest control of the party from the faltering hand of Wilson and from the old Bourbon element typified by Marshall and the Solid South leaders. Impractical, visionary and domineering, Bryan nevertheless is the greatest single force in the convention.

Willing to Wreck the Party.

The position as candidate dictator is held by the President, provided, it seems, that he does not attempt to dictate his own nomination. That would fire a revolt. But it does not appear that he is disposed to have their own way, and Mr. Bryan is one of them. These stubborn wills must clash upon the treaty and league issue, as Bryan made clear to-day. Another element is made up of Senators formerly very loyal to the Administration, but who are sick of Mr. Wilson's stubbornness. These include Senator Walsh of Montana and Senator Walsh of Massachusetts.

The possibilities of the situation are heating and at the same time thrilling. The body of the delegates are sheep, afraid to fight, prayerful to avoid trouble, but like sheep they are being driven by the strong mind and the burning personality of the man who is leading them to battle for which they have no stomach. Summing up the situation one can put it this way: As a matter of mere arithmetic the candidates stand—Palmer, first; Cox, second; McAdoo, third; Edwards, fourth; the rest trailing off in a procession of almost twenty hopefuls.

Potentially the field stands: McAdoo, first; Cox, second; Palmer, third; the rest nowhere in particular except at the back of men's minds. In the second group of candidates may be ranked Marshall, Davis and Cummings in about the order named. Some people are saying that Cox and Palmer are in the position occupied by Lowden and Wood at Chicago and that each will be the victim of the other. Then who will step in as Harding advanced at Chicago. To-morrow it may suggest Marshall. The mystery is the fascinating thing about it.

The field of favorite sons is narrowed slightly to-night by the withdrawal of Secretary Meredith of Iowa. He announced in a formal statement that he would not let his friends present his name. This means nothing more than that Bryan, the astute, is hard at work. Meredith was one of his pawns. He retired Meredith for purposes of his own. Owen may be the next to go. Nobody will know just what Bryan intends as regards the grand prize until the convention is well under way. This is true. Owen may be the next to go. Nobody will know just what Bryan intends as regards the grand prize until the convention is well under way. This is true.

Among the interesting though minor struggles is the matter of whether a candidate shall be nominated before a platform is adopted. Palmer's candidacy hangs upon this and Cox's is affected, but to McAdoo it makes little difference.

MAN SLAPPED BY BRET HARTE TALKS

He Is Editor of San Francisco "Star" and Was Formerly Printer's Devil.

BLUE INK RESPONSIBLE

Hated Famous Writer but Liked Mark Twain, Who Gave Him Silver Dollar.

By a Staff Correspondent of THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—The man who knew Bret Harte was discovered in the lobby this morning. The man who knew Bill Hart would have been far more intelligent to most of the assembled Democrats, but there were present enough celebrities of the middle Western fiction belt, such as William Allen White, to give the old timer a respectful hearing.

"I was a devil in the shop where the Overland Monthly was printed," he began, after being identified as James H. Barry, editor of the Star, San Francisco's only Democratic paper. "Bret Harte was employed in the Mint. He sent over the manuscript of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' and they finally decided to print it despite the objection of a sensitive lady proofreader. Some of the proofs had to be pulled in a hurry, and the only ink available at the moment was blue. I carried the blue proofs over to Harte. He said: 'What the hell is this blue ink for? I can't read it. Haven't they got any black?'"

"I was too scared to make any explanation and I got the usual reprimand administered to printers' devils in those days. Harte reached over and slapped my face. It was a good one, and I always hated him after that."

You could see it in the eyes of the man who was slapped by Bret Harte that Mark Twain was coming, yes.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I knew Mark Twain. He was giving one of his lectures over here and I distributed the handbills for him. The lecture was to be on July 2, and the handbill, which Mark wrote himself, said the fireworks planned in his honor had been postponed for two days. That was my idea of the funniest thing that had ever been said. Besides, Mark gave me a big silver dollar, so naturally I loved him as much as I hated Bret Harte."

William Allen White is looking things over, collecting items for his paper and wishing he were back in Emporia riding his bicycle. He says he is mixing medicine, and that if the Democrats nominate Cox the old progressives, many of whom are in Harding's way, will be singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" as they carry the banner for the Republican candidate. He is consoing with George H. Hodges, ex-Governor of Kansas, despite the latter's Democracy. Hodges is for McAdoo and so are the other Kansas delegates, whose sunflower burst into vision this morning. But he says the Kansans are rather irritated by this shuttlecock and battledore business.

And as for second choice, the Kansans think pretty well of Cox, with this reservation insisted upon by a State that has had prohibition for thirty-five years—there must be no amendment of the Volstead act.

One hesitates to dwell further upon James Hamilton Lewis, as there are other Democrats here, including the waffle king of California, who will get his due later.

But Henry W. Dooley, the Democratic leader of Porto Rico, cannot be mentioned without being bracketed with Mr. Lewis, for they are twins.

Mr. Dooley is infinitely pleased when he is mistaken for the Aurora Borealis of Illinois. Mr. Lewis enjoys the implied compliment. In the matter of centour of wheekers they are on a parity, but Mr. Dooley's are as pale as the caps of the Sierras, while Mr. Lewis' in the brighter sunlight of to-day caught a touch of pink and seemed more their old selves. Together these two wonderful men are a peach Melba.

And yet a San Francisco paper had a picture of Dooley to-day and called him "the double of Charles E. Hughes of New York."

Mr. Dooley is the most bearded man in town. The badges cover each side of his chest.

Pennsylvania Delegates Defeat Wet Plank, 60 to 13

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—Pennsylvania "dry" delegates won a smashing victory in the State delegation caucus to-day, defeating efforts to instruct for a "wet" plank by a vote of 60 to 13.

BRYAN DEMANDS BONE DRY PLANK

Continued from First Page.

of all industrial disputes, to avert strikes and protect the public.

Wants Labor Plank.

"I want a labor plank," he said, "that puts the employee and the employer on exactly the same footing."

"I want the Democratic party to protect the third party in industrial disputes—the public. I don't want any court to decide these questions. I am in favor of compulsory arbitration. I want something that will meet all our needs and be consistent with American institutions. I hope for a labor plank similar to the plan used in thirty of our treaties (the Bryan treaties) providing for investigation of every dispute before a resort to violence."

Mr. Bryan said a waiting period during investigation of industrial disputes, before strikes or lockouts occur, would protect the public, comprising the larger majority of those interested.

A plank denouncing profiteers and profiteering also was urged by Mr. Bryan, who criticized the Republican platform, which, he said, failed to deal with this subject. Jail terms for profiteers were advocated by the Nebraskaan.

On the League of Nations and the treaty of Versailles Mr. Bryan deplored their injection into partisan politics.

"I want no sham battle in this country," he said. "I want this country to let the world know that we'll do everything to make this last war the last. I don't want the treaty made a campaign issue. It's a crime to drag it down in the mire of partisan politics."

"If the treaty is not the paramount issue of the campaign I see no reason to drag it in at all."

There are many other domestic problems which could not be dealt with fully, Mr. Bryan declared, if the treaty question should lead the campaign, and in closing he urged a declaration for world peace with an agreement for world peace made by "mutual consent" between the nations.

Cockran Picked As Bryan Opponent

Continued from First Page.

to a question that would slide the stone brain of the sphinx.

For a while to-day the Tammany men thought they saw a chance of harmony in the delegation which has been protesting against the adoption of the unit rule. But George R. Lunn, former Mayor of Schenectady, said to-night he had not changed his mind. He is just as bitter against the unit rule as he was when it was adopted by a vote of the delegates and alternates in May. He was then one of a minority of 120 who will resist it if the first time it is brought to bear, whether in a caucus of the delegation, in committee or in the convention. He will have his opposition on the direct primary law of New York and the precedent established in the National Convention of 1912, when Newton D. Baker broke away from his delegation and was upheld by the chairman.

It is understood that Lunn has agreed to vote for Smith for President in a complimentary manner for three ballots, but thereafter he expects to vote for McAdoo if the latter is still in the field at that time.

A fellow New Yorker pinned a Smith badge on Lunn this morning, and to Lunn said: "Governor, I think you have a fine chance to win." Thus go the pleasanties of a day.

TAMMANY WOMEN SHINE IN THE FILMS

Rival Mary Pickford in Acts Staged on Wigwam Special's Trip to Pacific Coast.

CONVENTION SIDELIGHTS

Owen Bohan Performs Marvelous Straddling Feat on Far West Donkey.

By a Staff Correspondent of THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—Gov. Smith of New York passed at a newstand and asked for a Chronicle. "I hear it has a very good picture of the girl."

"What girl?" asked the woman at the counter.

"My daughter."

"What's her name?"

"Emily."

So the seller of papers knows that his daughter's name is Emily, but she doesn't know it is Emily Smith.

Fannie Hurst, Tam o' Shanter, walked or rather quipped through the lobby of the Palace to-night. A man was with her. They held fast, arm in arm, all the way, which is a good deal of a feat in that mob. "Who's she with?" asked a scout, watching for celebrities. "Her husband." It was indeed the artist, Jacques Danielson. He and Fannie Hurst are breaking their rule and having more than two breakfasts a week together just now.

Violet Oliver, queen of the "rain empire" in the San Joaquin Valley, who arrived here yesterday, promises to send to the Democratic nominee thousands of cluster grapes, to assist in paying him with the energy needed on his strenuous tour of the county. California raisins are now considered by dietitians as one of nature's most nutritious foods and Miss Oliver assumes that the Democratic candidate will require a lot of nourishment this year. Each cluster was picked from the vine by the dainty hands of Miss Oliver, once declared by Admiral Rodman to be "the prettiest girl I have seen in my cruise of the seven seas."

San Francisco is famed for its beauty all of that, and San Francisco, which are all of that and San Francisco, which are all of that or two about advertising, is not overlooking the need of maintaining the reputation. The Chronicle, under a two column head "Doll Up to Retain World Title," exhorts the women to do their best.

Let convention week in San Francisco, the plea urges, "be a real beauty and fashion parade from beginning to end, that the city can live up to its reputation for beautiful women, as it will for hospitality, and whatever else the women forget let them at least remember to doll."

Only 120 uniformed policemen will handle the convention crowds around the Auditorium. This is to be compared with 1,000 that were assigned to a similar duty in Chicago, but the 120 are all picked men who have started a course of special training and are confident they can get away with the job, aided by the shrubbery covered stockade around the Auditorium entrance. They doubtless can, for San Francisco seems to visitors an extremely copious town anyhow. You can traverse many blocks over in the centre of the city without seeing a policeman, and the traffic, vehicular and pedestrian, gets along at congested crossings without police supervision through the exercise of patience and good nature. Around the Auditorium there will be thirty picked plain clothesmen in addition to the 120 uniformed policemen, and naturally the regular pickpocket and bunco detail will circulate there pretty generally.

A good many of the attendants at the convention are wise to the ways of cities and will require no policeman to tell them how to take care of themselves. Nobody can bunco them. Imagine any body trying to sell the ferry building to a sophisticated resident of New York. You don't have to imagine what would happen. This is what did happen: A very happy faced man in a natty black

and white check suit with the most persuasive and ingratiating smile that had yet been devised by a trained face advanced with outstretched hand to one of the New York delegation. "Welcome to our city," he exclaimed in a hospitably modulated voice. "Can I help you to get to your hotel?" He got a superior smile by way of response. He was Mayor James Rolph.

The local weather houses have it all fixed up for the right kind of weather for the convention. For the week beginning next Monday they promise what they call "perfect California summer weather." United States Weather Forecaster Beale has it worked out on a basis of past performances, chances of rain negligible, of course. During the last forty-six years the highest temperature during a comparable period was 100 degrees and that just once, while only four times did the thermometer go above 90. The average maximum of the week during these forty-six years is 66.

Going into the movies is a popular pastime in this part of the country, even the members of the Tammany delegation having tried it. Several of the women on the Wigwam special earned reputations as "movie queens" during the two day visit of the party at Los Angeles this week, and James J. Hagan, leader of the Seventh Assembly district, proved that he has no mean ability as a director. At the suggestion of United States Marshal Thomas D. McCarthy, who knows everybody in the movie business, the Goldwyn studios sent a couple of camera men with the Tammany contingent on its trip last Thursday to the island of Santa Catalina, thirty miles off the Pacific from the port of Los Angeles. It was the marshal's idea that some new pictures be taken to show the folks back home what the party was doing. Mr. Hagan insisted that the Tammany women folks were just as good actresses as Mary Pickford and some of the men as expert gymnasts as Douglas Fairbanks. He arranged several touching scenes and hairbreadth escapes, which were successfully "shot" by the camera men. Miss Claire Smith and Miss Mary Smith, daughters of Representative Thomas F. Smith, Tammany Hall's secretary; Miss Martha Byrne, Mrs. Mary M. Lilly and Mrs. Anna M. Skoog distinguished themselves, as well as James F. Geraty, State Senator S. A. Cottino, Owen Bohan and Percy E. Nagle, who weighs over 350 pounds and played the "heavy." The pictures will be shown in New York after the return of the Tammany party, about the middle of July.

Gavin McNab, boss and scholar, gave a party at Tait's last night for New York and Washington newspaper men, a party which lacked absolutely nothing, nothing at all. Politics was barred and nobody was allowed to make a speech. This went hard with statesmen who were permitted to put their feet under the table with the writers that make their reputation. Some of them, unable to stand the strain, left early. The headlines included Vice-President Marshall, Attorney-General Palmer, Chairman Cummings, Senators Walsh of Montana, Philan of California, Owen of Oklahoma and Glase of Virginia.

Owen Bohan, a member of the Tammany party and an Assistant District Attorney, is regarded by his friends as an equestrian marvel. Although he had not ridden a horse or other animal for twenty years, he made the perilous all day trip down to the bottom of the Grand Canyon last week. He is the only one of a party of half a dozen who made the trip who has been able to walk with comfort since, and the Tammany party cannot understand it. The secret leaked out to one of his friends to-day, however. It was very simple. Mr. Bohan has exceptionally long lower limbs and he rode the last burrow in the single file procession down the Bright Angel trail. Instead of sitting upon the sharp back of his burrow, he straddled that much pleased animal nearly all the way down and up again with his feet on the ground, and walked.

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